Author of

this amazing

serial, who

makes her

character

really live.

Start this

story today-

then you will

denouement.

SAMPLE of dried black ink from an inkstand of the time of Amenhotep III., 3,500 years ago, has been analyzed. The ink contained no iron, its pigment being composed entirely of carbon.



Fiction Pero

The National Daily



The Ancient Origin of Beer

THE Egyptians have the credit of being the first inventors of beer. They called it the Pelusian liquor, because it was first made at Pelusium, a city near the mouth of the Nile, about 1,200 years before the

THE FORTUNE HUNTER - By Ruth M. Ayres

A Seeker of Thrills Finds Himself Mistaken for Another and Thereby **Becomes Enmeshed in a Maze** of Love and Mystery.

RUBY M. AYRES.

He Was Hungry.

To begin with, he was hungry,

and hunger makes a man a pessi-

mist more quickly than anything

on earth, but there was a sort of

unwillingness in his heart to

break into that last eight-and-

twenty shillings until he was ab-

When things were at their

worst something always turned

up-or such at least, had always

been the case with him, and with

the sort of feeling that he must

get away from his thoughts and

shake off his growing depression.

the Fortune Hunter jumped down

from the gate and started walk-

He was a tall man, and he

looked like a gentleman in spite

of the fact that his clothes were

shabby and his boots wanted

heeling. Yet there was an unde

niable air of breeding about him,

and he walked with a fine, ata-

letic swing, despite his weariness.

showed touches of gray here and

there, and his face was burnt

by exposure to sun and weather.

in woods or barns, or out in the

hedges; anything served him for

a bed; he had roughed it in all

four corners of the world, and

never quarreled with the pillow

A little further on the road

forked; one way, leading straight

along, was evidently the main

road, and the other, turning into

a narrower path, ultimately end-

The Fortune Hunter hesitated,

then turned into the wood, where

neither heat nor dust had pene-

trated, and everything was cool

He took off his hat and let the

Good

and good for you

Raisins furnish 1560 cal-

They are rich in food-iron

So raisins, luscious fruit-

ories of energizing nutriment

-also good food for the

meats in themselves, are not

merely good, but good for

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Sun-Maid

Raisins

Had Your Iron Today?

Sweeten

Mikenyon

the Stomach

CATARRHAL JELLY

per pound.

provided by circumstance.

ing in a shady wood.

For a fortnight he had slept

His hair was short cropped and

ing up the road again.

solutely forced to do so.

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HE Fortune Hunter sat at top of a five-barred gate, his hat at the back of his head, idly tapping his rather shabby brown boots with a rough stick which he had pulled from a hedge.

It was his eight-and-twentieth eight-and-twenty shillings in the world. Perhaps it was this fact that was responsible for the preoccupied look on his face and his total oblivion to the fact that the top of the gate was bordered with barbed wire to the exceeding danger of his already well-worn

early September. The trees all around were beginning to be faintly tinged with autumn coloring from the bed of the river which flowed by the other side of the field at his back.

Eight-and-twenty shillings. The Fortune Hunter took the coins from his pocket, looked at them. laughed and jingled them back again.

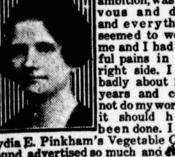
He had been in many tight corners during the past ten years of his roving life, and had always managed to struggle out of them. but today somehow his usual op timism seemed to have failed him. Perhaps it was the silence all around that depressed him, for at any rate he sighed-a most unusual thing for the Fortune Hunter to do-and passed a hand wearily across his eyes.

For a fortnight now he had ADVERTISEMENT.

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Larwill, Indiana.—"My back was so bad I could not do my washing. I was always tired out and had no ambition, wasnervous and dizzy and everything



seemed to worry ne and I had awful pains in my right side. I felt badly about four years and could not do my work as it should have een done. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound advertised so much and did

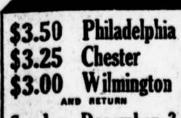
so many people good that I began to take it myself. I am feeling fine now and everyone tells me they never saw me looking so well. I live on a farm, do all my work, and have three little girls to take care of. I am recommending this medicine to my friends and know it will help them if they use it like I do."—Mrs. HERBERT LONG, R. R. 3, Box 7, Larwill, Indiana.

Many women keep about their work

when it is a great effort. Ther are always tired out and have no ambition. When you are in this condition

give it prompt attention.

Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound, for it is especially suspted to correct such troubles.



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ctorroing, teaves Broad Street Sta-tion 7.30 p. m., West Philadelphia, 7.35 p. m., Chester 7.56 p. m., Wilmington, 8.15 p. m.,

Pennsylvania

Mystery, love, intrigue, and romance

tramped England, waiting for something to turn up, for he was a firm believer in his luck, and this was the first time he had allowed himself even to consider heart-gripping the possibility that it might be going to fail him after all these and thrilling.

> reading the story today

combine

to make

this serial

Don't fail

to start



RUBY M. AYRES.

soft air beat on his forehead. walking mechanically along until suddenly he tripped and almost fell over an obstacle half hidden in the thick bracken overhanging the narrow footpath.

The Fortune Hunter recovered himself and swore good-naturedly, glancing down to see what had ripped him; then his face changed and he caught his breath on a muttered ejaculation as he saw the huddled form of a man lying face downward amongst the green undergrowth. "Drunk!" was his first thought

and he half moved aside to pass on. Then some inexplicable impulse restrained him, and, stooping down, he pulled the tall bracken aside, peering more closely at the prostrate figure. Another second and he was on

his knees beside it, his deft brown hands feeling under the coat for a heart-beat, his tanned face pale with terror. For the man was

The Fortune Hunter had seen death too many times to be mistaken, but it gave him an unusual shock to have come across it here in the heart of a shady English wood.

The Dead Youth.

Turning the dead man gently over on his back, he looked into his face. Quite a young face it was and not unlike his own, he thought vaguely, with its cleanshaven lips and smooth skin, from which even death had not been able to obliterate the tan.

He wore a rough tweed suit that looked rather Colonial in cut, and a soft hat lay a little distance off in the bracken.

The Fortune Hunter rose to his feet and stood looking around him with a feeling of helplessness. What ought he to do. Inform the police he supposed. He turned his eyes sgain to the still form at his feet.

Whatever the cause of death, it had come peacefully enough, for the face was quite calm and unlined by pain, and the lips a little parted as if in sleep.

If only some one would come along! The Fortune Hunter had no idea how far he was from the nearest village, but he was turning to retrace his steps to the main road, when he caught sight of a bulky package lying almost at his feet.

He stooped and picked it up. It was a shabby leather pocketbook, held together with an elastic band and bulging with papers or letters. The Fortune Hunter turned it



over uncertainly; then, with a little shrug of the shoulders, he pulled off the band and glanced through the contents

There were a lot of pencil notes that seemed to relate to nothing in particular, and jottings of various sums of money; a few letters, all in the same writing; an old photograph of a girl with hair tumbling about her shoulders, and on the flyleaf of the pocketbook a name, evidently the name of the dead man, written in a sprawly hand:

"John Smith."

The Fortune Hunter smiled grimly. He had known many "John Smiths" in his wander.ngs, but seldom had it been the rightful name of the man who claimed it: and it was with the idea of finding some further means of identif.cation that he unfolded one of the letters and glanced casuany

It was obviously written by a woman, and bore months previous: "My dear John-I know you

will think that I have been a long time answering your last letter, but now you will soon be home again I am beginning to be

"Ten years is a long time-and I was only eighteen when you went away. Supposing you don't like me any more? Supposing I don't like you? Oh, I know there has been nobody else for either of us since, but I am afraid all the same.* I was a child when you went away, and now I am a woman, except when I look back on the days with you and realize how far away they really are.

"You must be patient with me, won't you? Don't expect too great things from me at first, although in spite of the fear I am longing to see you, and somenow in my heart I think-I feel sure-it will be all right. . . I shan't write again-you will be home before you could get another letter. So it's just au revoir, dear. "ANNE."

The Fortune Hunter shrugged his shoulders and glanced again at the heading on the paper: "Cherry Lodge, Somerton-on-

Not so very far away then! He had a vague idea that he had seen a signpost to Somerton as he had tramped the last weary mile. He thrust the letters and shabby case into his pocket and turned onto the main road.

"Somehow in my heart I feel sure it will be all right-" The words echoed through his mind rather piteously.

Well, whoever "Anne" was, the dread meeting with John Smith would never take place now, for John Smith lay dead in the silent wood, with the tall bracken bending above him.

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Odd how deserted the road was. It stretched before the Fortune Hunter dusty and empty as he quickened his tired steps, anxious now to be rid of the responsibility of his discovery. But in half a mile he had failed to meet one pedestrian, though the road had curled about unt.l it had brought him parallel with the river, flow-

ing silently by, bathed in the late

evening light.

Some distance ahead the figure of a girl in a punt was clearly silhouetted against the sky, and the Fortune Hunter gave a little growl of satisfaction as he realized that he could not now be far from a village. He watched the girl with a cur-

ious sense of satisfaction; she and the quiet river scene were so typically English, and he felt all at once how good it was to be home aga n-if one could call a country home, wherein a man had neither friends nor money. The girl wore a white frock

with short sleeves, and the rays of the sinking sun glittered on her hair, turning it to gold, as her slim body moved with slow grace propelling the little punt up-

There was someone with her-a man or boy. The Fortune Hunter could not be sure which, for the figure was stooping over the side of the punt, watching something in the water; and across the silently-flowing river the man on the roadway could hear their voices distinctly through the still eve-

"If you'd only sit still, Tommy. You can't reach them - do. please." And then came a shrill scream and a stifled cry, as the punt seemed to lurch violently. A Life Saved.

The girl swayed dangerously, only recovering herself with a tremendous effort, but the other figure tumbled headlong into the water, without apparently making the least attempt to save him-

"Serve him right!" thought the Fortune Hunter grimly, and stood still for a moment waiting for it to reappear.

But the seconds passed, and beyond a sort of swirl where the boy had disappeared there was no

The girl was on her knees in the punt now, screaming helplessly, and, all at once, the Fortune Hunter seemed to realize that the matter was serious and that the bey was in danger of drowning. He ran along the road till he

was almost abreast of the drifting punt, then he kicked off his shoes,

"My, They're Good."

18 Convenient Stores.

flung his jacket aside and plung ed into the river. The girl saw him and stretched

agonized hands to him. "Oh, save him-save him! He can't swim-he's a cripple."

The Fortune Hunter was a powerful swimmer, and the distance was nothing to him, but when he reached the boy-a lad about seventeen-it was not such an easy matter to bring him to

But he managed it at last, and clambered out with the weed in his hair and water dripping from The girl had regained her self-

control and brought the punt to the bank, but she was very pale, and her voice shook as she knelt down beside the exhausted boy. "Oh, Tommy! Oh, are you all

right? Oh. Tommy-I was so ter-She tried to put her arms

around the boy's drenched figure, but he repelled her almost roughly. "Shut up!" he choked.

me alone. It was your fault; you ought to have balanced the beastly boat better." He looked a miserable enough

object as he sat there in the long grass, shivering and shaking, and the Fortune Hunter felt a wave of contempt as he picked up the coat he had flung aside and calmly proceeded to put it on



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The Story of an Adventurer, Who, Finding a Body in the Woods, Had the Identity of the Dead Man "Wished Upon" Him. The girl gave a little cry of uncomfortable little rivulets, leav-

"You're not going! You can't go like that! You'll take your

death of cold. Oh, please! We live quite close-you must come in and get dry." The Fortune Hunter laughed. "I don't take cold easily-" his

careless gaze wandered over the girl's concerned face, and, real zing its attraction, he added more graciously: "You're very kindfollow it to its at any rate I will help you home with . . your brother?" "Yes, I am sure we can never

thank you. You saved his life. Oh, Tommy, what should we have done if nobody had come along?" The boy laughed harshly.

"I should have drowned, that's all." He began to hoist himself up from the grass with difficulty and the Fortune Hunter put a strong arm round him and lifted him to his feet.

"Lean on me," he said, "I can carry you if you like, but . . . "Thank you. I can walk," was the ungracious response. But he

was glad of a helping hand before they had gone very far, and presently, without a word, the Fortune Hunter picked him up bodily and carried him the remainder of the way, the water running from both of them in

ing a trail along the dusty road. The Girl's Home.

The girl followed silently. From time to time she kept looking at the Fortune Hunter with queer, half-scared glances, and when they reached the house she ran ahead and opened the gate, stan! ing aside to let him pass. It was an old-fashioned house, with ivycolored walls and a garden slopng down to the river. Tube filled with ivy geraniums bordered the terrace, and striped sun blinds were drawn over the windows of the house.

The Fortune Hunter cast a swift glance around him and wondered if this was the turn in his luck for which he had been waiting.

He followed the girl into the hall. It was cool and shady and rose scented, and he put his bur den down gently. "You'd better have a hot bath

at once." he said casually. "A ducking doesn't hurt me, I'm used to roughing it, but you The boy limped away toward the stairs without answering; he was

an ungracious sort of youth, and

his thin, delicate face was fretful

and ill-tempered. The girl looked up at the Fortune Hunter as he moved to the

(To Be Continued Monday.)

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